

Marshmallow Hates Everything

by TheGreyRanger

Category: Frozen, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Elsa, Hiccup

Pairings: Hiccup/Elsa

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-18 08:34:38

Updated: 2015-01-03 04:46:31

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:59:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 7,873

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Harry (Hiccup) and Jack are lounging in the library when a blonde-haired beauty walks past. Modern Hiccelsa

1. 1 Reunion

So far, all my stories have been Eugelsa and i felt like i needed to change it up, also, i haven't been able to get this Hiccelsa idea out of my head. Anyway, if you guys have any cool ideas for one-shots with any of the pairings i have listed in my profile, PM me and i guess i could give it a go.

whoever is reading this, you're AWESOME!

if you're confused Harry is Hiccup.

** :) **

* * *

><p>"Jack! Shut up!" Harry whisper-yelled, threatening to hit him over the head with his book.<p>

They were sitting in the public library, which was a miracle considering Jack's uh boyishness, reading. Well, Harry was reading.

The main librarian, an old lady who Jack thought she should have been in the ground twenty years ago, was giving them a poisonous look that could kill a forest. Harry just smiled sheepishly, trying to apologize for his friend's behavior.

"Anyway, I really don't see what we're doing in-HOLY SHIT!" Jack said, jerking and sitting up straighter than Harry had ever seen him sit before. He followed something behind Harry with eyes so intent

Harry was quite creeped out. The only other time Jack had ever looked like that was when he was on field chasing a hockey puck.

Harry slowly turned around in his chair and his jaw fell open. He and Jack openly stared as she walked past. She being the most beautiful, breathtakingly stunning girl either of them had ever seen. She walked with so much power that Harry knew would be an impossible feat for him to remotely try, even if he didn't have a prosthetic leg. She had such beautiful light blonde hair that cascaded in a braid down her shoulder and perfect, well, everything. Harry swore his heart shriveled inside when she walked behind a large bookshelf. He didn't get to see her face.

He heard Jack let out a long breath.

"Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit!" Jack exclaimed, his eyes wide and gazing at where she had just been.

"Was that just me, or did you see her as well?" he asked, stilled stunned.

All Harry could do was nod silently.

"Was that a goddamn angel!?" Jack said, shaking his head and smirking. Oh no. "Cause if so, I think I can die happy now, because I've just seen a piece of heaven."

Harry rolled his eyes as Jack ran a hand through his hair and got up. He knew this would happen, but frowned anyway. He knew that as soon as he saw her he didn't stand a chance. Not if Jack wanted her, and of course Jack did, she was stunning. It wouldn't matter if Harry tried anyway, he would probably just stutter and be so crippling awkward that any girl would run at the slightest chance.

Jack however, was a totally different story. He had no problem talking to any girl and he was so funny. All the girls loved him, his I-don't-care-if-I-break-the-rules attitude and his ridiculous good looks.

Harry got up, sighing. He had better see how Jack's flirting is going. Who knows, she might have the ugliest face in the world. Harry highly doubted that. He also wanted to see if he had the slightest chance.

"You must be a hell of a thief because you stole my heart from across the room." Jack said winking at the girl sitting on a table with some books. Harry still couldn't see her face because Jack was in the way, but when he heard his comment, Harry tried not to groan.

"Is your name Scarlett?" Jack tried again. "Because when I saw you my heart was gone with the wind."

"You better leave and go catch it then before it gets lost." Harry bit on his lip to stop from laughing. He could see Jack physically recoil at being rejected, her voice was like ice.

"I think you're the best looking girl in here." Jack said, re-summoning his strength and giving a last ditch effort to impress her.

"Really? Well, I'd better go find the best looking guy then, hadn't I?" she said straight back, her beautiful voice filled with annoyance. This made Harry peer over Jack's shoulder to see her face. Which wasn't hard, Jack was rather short.

His breath got caught in his throat.

Harry couldn't see how it was physically possible for her to be so beautiful. There were no words in any language that could describe her. She had amazing pale skin and the prettiest blue eyes he had ever seen. So big and blue. Framed by long lashes that made them so perfect. She was jaw-dropping gorgeous wrapped with dazzling elegance and stunning brilliance.

"No need!" Jack said confidently. How could her talk to her without messing up? "He is standing right in front of you." He continued, running a hand through his hair and doing something with his face that Flynn called the 'smolder'. Gives a girl a heart attack, he had bragged.

"Yeah, you're right." She said and Harry's eyes widened. She was giving in? Jack smirked victoriously. Harry couldn't see her face anymore because he was turning away and opening his book.

"Now," she continued, raising a hand. It almost looked like she was waving Jack off. . . "If you could just move, and he comes out from behind you, I would be able to see him so much better." she said, looking directly at Harry.

Time froze.

"No way." Jack breathed the exact same time that the girl spoke again.

"So, Hiccup," her voice softer than before, almost warm. "How have you been?"

"Hiccup?" Jack asked, voicing Harry's thoughts. Both boys looked down at the girl. She was only looking at Harry, as if waiting for something.

Jack looked at her like she had grown a second head.

Hiccup? He had been called that by his friends' years ago, back when he lived in Canada next to Anna and. . . .

"Elsa!?" Harry exclaimed, disbelief evident in his voice.

The newly named vision of beauty smiled at Harry and stood up. Now he could see her, how could he of missed it? The big baby blue eyes, platinum blonde hair and her voice. How could he have forgotten her beautiful voice?

Well she had grown up well, really well. Not that she was ugly when she was nine, she was so cute when she was little, but now, now she should be on every magazine front in the world.

Before Harry knew what he was doing, he embraced her in a big bear hug. As he swung her around, he didn't notice Jack leaving awkwardly because she was laughing. It was so beautiful, like the sound of rain

on a tin roof, or of tinkling bells at Christmas.

Suddenly, Harry realized what he was doing and awkwardly let go of Elsa, who was blushing and looking down at her books on the table.

"So," Harry said, scratching the back of his neck. "how's Anna?"

"Anna's good." Elsa said, fiddling with the hem of her shirt. Then her expression turned hard "Had a rough break-up a couple weeks ago. She's fine now."

Just like Elsa. Even when they were little she would be protective over Anna. With good reason too. Anna was fantastic, just very trusting. And some people abused that trust.

"Still reading about dragons I see." Elsa said with a smile grabbing the book of the ground where Harry had dropped it and handing it back to him.

"Remember when you used make us dress up Marshmallow into a dragon?" Elsa said with a smile and Harry chuckled.

"Yeah, he hated that."

"Marshmallow hated everything." She said, shaking her head at the memory of the huge old dog.

Harry saw the books on her table.

"Still reading about superpowers I see. Have you decided on which one you'd like to have?"

It used to be a joke. Harry's obsession with dragons and her obsession with winter and superpowers.

"Yes!" Elsa said with excitement, then schooled her features. "Yes. Either it would be ice powers or the ability to fly. I'm leaning towards ice powers."

Harry smiled and mustered his courage.

"So, um... I was wondering if you would like to... you know, like go to the movies with us? As in us, i mean Jack and some friends that I know. . ." Harry trailed off with a blush, looking away at a close bookshelf

"Um, that would be cool, I guess." Elsa said, playing with her hands. "Do you mind if I bring Anna and some friends?"

Harry nodded and saw Jack watching with a grin on his face.

_ 'Why are you smiling at me like that?' _

* * *

><p>Guess which friends Elsa would bring! :)

2. 2 Fire-Cracker and Frost-Boy

Dear fabulous readers, this was just supposed to be a one-shot, but i think i might make it more like a group of snippets of Harry's and Elsa's life together, including their friends. So stuff like their first date, kiss and friends with drama, somebodys wedding and all sorts of stuff. I'll try to do it in order, but you guys could recommend me some stuff that i should include. My updates may be infrequent, since i have school and other stuff, but i'll try my best! :)

replies to reviews are down the bottom.

ENJOY!

* * *

><p>"Anna!" Elsa yelled.</p>

"Coming!" Anna replied, hopping down the stairs while trying to put on her other ugg boot. She was wearing a pretty green knee-high skirt and black shirt that read '**IT'S TRUE LOVE!**' in big, bold, white writing.

"Ye gonna kill yaself like that lass." Merida said, rolling off the couch and slinging her bag over her shoulder. She was wearing some denim shorts with a loose, red singlet that had **'BRAVE'** painted on it. Her red hair was its usual self, wild and untameable. A lot like Merida.

"Merida's right." Zel said, walking into the room. Her now brown hair was in a pixie cut and she wore a purple sundress with a white belt. It was still a shock to see her without her glorious golden curls, but if anything, the new hairdo suited her better.

"Course I am! I o'ways am! Oi Elsa, why we goin' with these dunderheads anyway?" Merida

"These 'dunderheads', as you call them, have invited us to a movie I would rather die than miss." Elsa explained.

Hiccup-no_Harry_, had hit her weak spot when he asked her to see X-Men: Days of Future Past with him and his friends. It is literally just about people with super cool superpowers, something that she is obsessed with. It didn't help either that Elsa also had a little, maybe major, crush on Magneto.

The platinum blonde was wearing a light blue shirt that brought out her eyes with a darker skirt. A white belt separated the two shades and a snowflake necklace graced her collarbone.

"Annnnnnnnd," Anna said, lengthening the word as she eyed her sister, "Elsa likes one of them."

Elsa was saved from utter embarrassment when the doorbell rang, signalling that Harry was here. Anna and Elsa's eyes met briefly and they both bolted to the door. Anna got there first, but only because she was closer. In a real race, Elsa would win. She was good at running, very good.

"Hello!" Anna said, opening the door wide.

Harry stood there, looking effortlessly good-looking in his casual attire. Jack, the total flirt, was standing behind him, leaning on a beam also looking (though Elsa hated to admit) pretty good. If Elsa hadn't known better she would have thought they actually tried to look good.

Behind the sisters, Zel smirked. She had a boyfriend. She knew when they were trying to impress someone. And this was one of those times.

Her smirk turned into a grin when she saw the auburn haired one stutter to say 'hey' when he looked at Elsa. 'Totally whipped' Zel thought.

When Merida walked out the door, Jack swore. Harry elbowed him and Elsa gave him a look.

"You could hide a goddamn submarine in there!" Jack exclaimed, picking up one of her wild curls.

"Don't ya dare touch ma hair!" Merida yelled, her hand flying up to wack Jack's hand away and her face going red with anger. She hated when people talked about her hair.

"Whoa, calm down fuzz-ball." Jack said smirking, raising his arms in mock surrender.

"Ah! Ya little-"

"Merida." Elsa said, stopping the angry red-head mid-sentence. She didn't have to say it loud; she was using the voice that Anna liked to call her Queen-Voice. When Elsa talked to someone like that, which wasn't often, they stopped.

"Odin helps us all, it's gotten even scarier than it was when you were little." Came a joking voice behind her. Elsa turned and saw Harry standing there, hands in his jean pockets and grinning. Elsa grinned back.

Everybody visibly relaxed and Anna stepped forward.

"You look familiar. . ." Anna said, poking Harry in the cheek. Harry looked down at her cautiously.

"Anna, its-" Elsa started.

"No, like really familiar." Anna turned to her sister. "Do we know him? Is he one of the guys Dad wanted you to date?"

"Anna-" Elsa started again but the younger one gasped, interrupting Elsa.

"Did you finally get a boyfriend!? OMG! Why didn't you tell me!?" Anna looked between Harry and Elsa, who were both blushing furiously.

"Anna," Elsa said slowly, trying desperately not to sound embarrassed. "This is Harry, you remember him? We knew him when we

were little."

Anna studied him for a second, blue eyes narrowed then gasped again. "I remember you! You're Hiccup!" she yelled, bouncing up and down like she had just won a raffle for a basket of chocolate.

"Hey Anna, haven't seen you in a while." Harry said, grinning.

"Yeah! For like seven years!" Anna said, nodded enthusiastically.

"Eight." Harry and Elsa said at the exact same time. Baby blue and bright green eyes met then looked away quickly.

Anna didn't miss the blush highlighting both their cheeks and smiled, looking towards Zel. A smile full of promised mischief was exchanged between the two of them.

"I'm Rapunzel Corona." The newly-brunette said, walking towards Harry and extending her hand. "But you can call me Zel."

"An I'm Merida." Said the red-head, raising her chin a little higher.

Harry shook Zel's hand and smiled brightly. "Harry Haddock, and this is my friend, Jackson Overland." He said, motioning towards the white-haired boy.

"Call me Jack." He said, looking straight at Elsa and winking. The platinum blonde wasn't looking though; she was talking to Harry about his drawings.

"Not a chance in hell." Merida said, walking by Jack towards the car they were going to take.

"Fire truck." Jack muttered under his breath. Merida heard it though. She spun around, her hair fanned around her and hissed;

"Jackass!"

"Carrot-top!"

"Frost balls!"

"Fire crotch!"

Merida snapped. And by snapped, it meant she lunged at Jack, tackling him down the porch steps and to the ground. She wasn't part of the school boxing team for nothing.

Luckily, before Merida could throw the first punch, Harry had caught her arm, holding it back before she could hit his friend. His green eyes were hard, a sight rare seen and as scary as hell. After a second long stare down between him and Merida, he let go of her.

Merida got up, dusting off her shirt and grumbling under her breathe. She looked up at her friends and Harry. Jack got up and stood next to

her. They both felt a twinge of shame, but they would rather die than admit it.

"Apologize." Elsa said simply, standing next to Harry and studying her blue fingernails. With her voice and Harry's stare, they were a force to be feared.

"I ain't apologizing!" Merida snarled, spitting at Jack's feet. He made a face of such disgust that Merida was surprised when it didn't crack. Elsa looked up from her finger nails, an eyebrow raised and looked over to Jack.

He just shook his head. "Not a chance in hell."

Elsa and Harry exchanged a look, and then looked back at Merida and Jack. It was kind of eerie how they didn't even talk.

"Well, I'm going to watch X-men. Not sure I can say the same thing about you two." Elsa said, folding her arms over her chest.

"What?" Merida said at the same time as Jack said "No!"

"Yep." Harry said, nodding his head. "Unless. . ." he looked down at Elsa

"You agree to one condition." Elsa finished, smirking. A small pit of fear grew in Merida's stomach. That smirk meant nothing but trouble.

"Anna, code criminal." Elsa said and the younger sister's eyes widened before she bolted into the house.

A minute later, Merida and Jack were linked together by a set of metal cuffs. Elsa had the only key.

They may have lost the battle, but the war had just begun.

* * *

><p>dimkaxoxo: Glad you think that :)**

Emerald Night 117: Thanks, it means so much to me!

Technicolorphase: thanks so much from telling me my mistakes, and in such a kind way. I really appreciate that you do that. :)

honks4ever: love your name :), really appreciate your support.

** : thanks, I wish I could use it too.**

Guest-Who-asked-if-i-watched-frostkillinghour: yes I have, and it's AMAZING. her editing is fantastic!

thebamman: you kinda inspired the idea to just show little snippets of their lives, instead of a whole story. thanks a lot!

** : thank you! Happy you think that!**

ElsaSnowQueen21: Yes ma'am, will try! :)

3. 3 Dragon Boy

**Hello! sorry for taking so long to update. i just haven't had the motivation. but somehow, i managed to find enough to scrape this together. sorry if there are any mistakes, if there are would you please be kind enough to mention it to me. i really appreciate it as well as constructive criticism. thank you for all your lovely reviews, it warms my heart. **

enjoy!

* * *

><p>"So, did you like it?"<p>

"Yes! Did you see Magn-"

"ELSA!"

Said girl was interrupted by a very angry looking Merida, whose face was almost as red as her hair. She had definitely not enjoyed sitting next to Jack for the whole movie, who was now being tugged towards where Harry and Elsa stood. Jack wasn't too happy with the arrangement either, but he seemed to be handling it better than Merida.

"I need t'go to the toilet." She stated, crossing her arms, which promptly made Jack tug his hand back. That started a full on tug-of-war.

Elsa and Harry shared a look.

"And?" Elsa asked, looking at Merida quizzically, though she knew _exactly_ what Merida meant.

"'And?'" She asked incredulously. She motioned at Jack. "I can't go with him there."

Jack, seeming to realize where this conversation was heading, looked desperately at Harry. "No, no no no no no! You can't make me do this! Harry?!" He looked terrified.

"Well, I'm pretty sure Anna left the keys at their house. So you can either go together, or not at all." Harry said, glancing over to where Anna was looking at posters with Zel.

"Dude, brother. Don't make me do this. I promise, I'll do anything you ask! I'll stop hitting on girls you like! Just unlock me and get me away from this. . . this _ferret_." Jack pleaded, looking utterly hopeless. Though Harry was tempted to say yes, he thought he may be able to drag this out for a little longer. Just for fun.

"I don't know, _brother_. I-" Harry started.

"Wait! Did you just call me a _ferret_?" Merida demanded, looking like a volcano seconds from exploding. Jack did the worst thing possible, and retaliated.

Harry and Elsa looked at each other, silently deciding to just leave the two quarreling people and head towards the arcade section, where Anna and Zel were battling it out at air hockey.

"So," Harry started, stuffing his hands in his pockets to hide his nervous fidgeting. He had no idea how to talk to her. It was not that he was antisocial; it was just that he wasn't very good at socializing. Which was an understatement.

"Do you want to play next game?" Elsa asked, watching as Zel skilfully blocked Anna's hit. She learnt all those tricks from her boyfriend. A man Elsa suspected to have quite a shady past, but other than that, Elsa thought he was pretty cool and they got along well. He seemed as if he would die to save Zel, so Elsa never found the place to disagree on their relationship.

"Sure." Harry answered, trying not to sound like a complete idiot. He was better than most at the game, Jack made sure of that, and didn't think Elsa was too good. Not to be mean, but Anna wasn't too savvy and if that was anything to go by, neither would Elsa be. He hoped.

He watched in amazement as Zel scored yet another goal. She had to be better than Jack, and that was saying something. Elsa called out to the two girls, saying how they wanted to have a go and Harry tried not to stumble over on his way to the table. Zel seriously saying 'good luck' didn't help.

As he faced down Elsa, Harry tried not to stare. But she deserved to be stared at. Red lips, nice nose, faint blush and big blue eyes that- wait, blush? Someone giggled behind him and Harry realized he had been staring at her like a love-struck fool. He felt his cheeks heating up and tried to hide his face behind his shaggy hair.

He realized his efforts to hide his blush were in vain when Elsa laughed. He peeked out from behind his hair and again tried not to stare. Elsa was beautiful, without a doubt. Her laughing quadrupled that. Even the slight snorting she was trying to hide behind her hand was ridiculously attractive. Harry's embarrassment left as he thought that it was him who made her laugh like that. Not Jack or any other man, but him. It made him swell with pride and beam at her. When she smiled back Harry felt like he had been split down the middle and stuffed with sunshine.

Suddenly, there was a buzz and Harry realized she had scored while he was distracted. That little minx.

"Come on dragon boy, I thought you would be better than this." Usually, Harry would object to being called anything other than a man, but with that look Elsa was giving him, and her voice, he couldn't find it in him to give an intelligent reply. So he tried to focus on the game. He really did try. Elsa was too distracting, especially when she leaned over to hit the puck and gave Harry a view of her- NO!

Thor smite me this instant with a well-deserved lightning

strike._

Ship me on the overnight express to the fiery pits of hell.

_Elsa was just a friend, Harry reminded himself. Not for the first or for the last time that night.

After two minutes, Harry was in danger. Elsa had tripled his score with ease. Sometime during the game, Jack and Merida had wandered over. His buddy had tried to cheer him on, but a well-placed elbow from Merida had him quickly barracking for Elsa. Traitor.

On the way home, he tried to ignore Jack bagging him for losing to a girl. It wasn't very hard with Elsa riding shotgun next to him. What was hard was keeping his eyes on the road. Let's just say there were a few close calls.

Once they arrived at the Arendelle residence safely, if not shaken by Harry's distracted driving, (usually, he was a very good driver) Anna pulled the handcuff key from her pocket, Jack sending Harry a dark look. Harry was tempted to leave them locked up and see how it would play out, but they were already over each other before the first minute and it would hardly be fair to prolong their suffering. Which was the objective, Elsa told him, smiling when he mentioned it to her.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't disappointed when they arrived at her door, bidding each other goodbye. Well, except for Merida and Jack, who were thoroughly ignoring each other.

Elsa's shy smile just before she closed the door behind her made Harry fuzzy on the inside, as well as making him unexpectedly want to giggle like a schoolgirl. But he would never do such a thing, certainly not when Jack was around, who would never let him live it down.

Just as he was about to turn on the engine of his car, he realized he forgot something. Quickly running up to the house, which was surprisingly fast for a man with only a leg and a half, he knocked loudly on the door, ignoring Jack's look of confusion.

He failed in trying to hide the blush that formed when Anna answered and gave him a look that suggested she knew exactly what he was after. "Elsa!" She called.

Said angel came up behind her sister, gorgeous eyes widening when she saw him. Harry suddenly realized he had no idea how to ask her.

"Um," he started, rubbing the back of his neck. "I was wondering . . . you know, if you would, uhh . . . like to meet up some time? You don't have to and I would totally understand if you didn't want to because really who would expect a girl like you to go out with someone like me on a date that would be awkward as hell and—" Harry shut his mouth with a snap, blushing furiously at his rant. Elsa was standing there, her mouth opening and closing like a fish's. A very pretty fish.

"Yes!" she suddenly burst out.

"Yeah, I thought so. You don't have to be sorry- wait what?" Harry asked. Dare he hope?

Elsa suddenly seemed extremely shy, her cheeks bright red and her eyes downcast. "Yes."

Harry blinked.

Seconds passed.

Silence.

"Yes?" he asked, disbelieving, sure he would wake up any second from one of the best dreams of his life.

"YES!" Elsa yelled, suddenly aggravated. Her eyes widened at her own surprising outburst, and then her cheeks got even redder, if that was possible. Harry thought she looked adorable when she blushed.

"Yes." Elsa said slowly, looking him in the eye. "I would like to get on a date with you."

Harry just nodded dumbly.

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow, seven o'clock sharp?" Elsa asked, suddenly all business. It was kinda hot.

More nodding from Harry.

Elsa nodded her head. Just once. Then turned and closed the door. Harry waited until he got to the car to fist-pump the air. Then froze.

What was he going to do?

He'd need to hunt down some advice.

* * *

><p>Okay, i need help. any suggestions as to who Harry should go to for advice and what will happen on the date please let me know! honestly, i have no idea what they're gonna do.

4. 4 Horses? Painting? Chameleons?

Thank you** for all you lovely reviews, it makes me feel like I've been split down the middle and stuffed with sunshine to know the you people have been reading my story and _liking_ it! hope you enjoy!**

* * *

><p>"Take her to the gym." Snotlout had said. "Girls love it when you lift."<p>

Two problems with that.

One, Harry could hardly 'lift'. Two, Elsa wasn't included in the general populace of girls who indeed wanted to see a guy 'lift'. She

was too special.

Jack was completely out of the question. Gobber would probably tell him to take her to a drive-in cinema to watch some old cheesy eighties movie. Tuffnut had never even had a date and Ruffnut would probably have some crazy idea that Elsa would totally hate but be too polite to say so. Eret and Astrid, Harry didn't even want to think about. Fishlegs maybe. . .

"Let's look at the function of a date. If you're single, a date acts like an interview. Your goal is to get the other person to still like you enough when the date is over to go out with you again, assuming you're still interested as well. You're trying to appear cool, sexy, together, confident, and fun. You're also trying to make the other person as comfortable as possible."

That seemed like a lot to Harry. "How do you know all this?"

Fishlegs avoided Harry's gaze. "I uhh . . . may have searched it up a couple times . . ."

Harry nodded his head slowly. Fishlegs caught his terrified look.

"Just ask her friends. They would have shared what they wanted in a man with each other."

>"Good idea. See you around." Harry said, saluting Fishlegs before turning around, hurrying to his car.<p>

* * *

><p>"Toothless! Buddy, I need help!" Harry yelled, shrugging his coat off and looking around his apartment. There was a flash a black and suddenly his cat was on his shoulder.<p>

"Hey Buddy." Harry rubbed the black cat's head. Toothless closed his green eyes and purred. "I have a date with the prettiest girl in the world and I have no idea what to do."

Toothless gave him no attention, instead jumping of his shoulder and onto the kitchen counter.

"Yes, I know you're hungry Bud, but I'm in a crisis here." As Harry proceeded to feed the hungry cat, he told him about his dating dilemma.

Toothless, who was too busy eating to even acknowledge Harry's ranting looked up when the worried man's phone rang.

Seeing the caller ID, Harry freaked out even more. It was Elsa.

"Hello?" Harry asked, running a hand through his hair nervously.

"Harry? Is that you? It's Rapunzel." Harry sagged in relief.

"Oh, hey Zel. I'm so glad it's you." He said, and then quickly backtracked. "Not that I wouldn't want it to be Elsa it's just I have

no idea what to-

"Shut it Harry."

"Okay."

"What are you doing for Elsa?"

The relief Harry had felt a few seconds ago committed suicide out the window. "I don't know yet."

A sign carried through the line. "What do you mean you don't know? Do have anything at all planned?"

"Well, no." Harry answered, sinking onto his couch.

"No?"

"I was kinda hoping I could somehow contact you or Anna and find out what she liked."

"Oh."

Awkward silence. Then there was a yell. Rapunzel gasped and Harry tensed. It was Elsa.

"I'm taking to Flynn." Zel said and Harry held his breathe. Elsa said something to Zel that he couldn't identify.

"I can't, mine's dead." There was some grumbling from the other line.

"Yes, _okay_, whatever. Flynn says hi!" He could just here the faint sound of footsteps leaving. A pause "Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"Just be you." Zel said, before hanging up.

Well, that was helpful.

* * *

><p>He was actually loaded the groceries in the car when an angel from Valhalla descended and gave him his much needed advice and help to start his cheap Ford. He had spent all his money on his other mode of transport. His helper didn't really look like an angel, but hey, Harry couldn't judge.</p>

He was quite tall, wore a blue button up with a white long-sleeved shirt underneath and had a goatee. He was also extremely-good looking. The type of person Elsa should be going out with.

But, luckily for Harry, Elsa wanted to go out with him.

"Hey, bro! You okay? Look a little stressed." The man asked, coming over to help Harry get his car working.

"huh? Oh, yeah. I have a date tonight and I have no idea what to do." Harry said, trying to not sound desperate.

The man just laughed, watching as Harry tweaked the engine quickly. "You're pretty good with cars. Anyway, about that date, I might have advice."

"Please, don't be shy." Harry encouraged, thinking. He looked like the kind of person with loads of advice on this subject.

"Well, is she special? Like not some desperate girl off the street?" Goatee asked, looking at Harry.

"She's amazing. And definitely not some desperate girl. She could have a King if she wanted to!" Harry exclaimed, throwing his hands in the air.

"Well, what is she interested in? Shopping? Sports? Horses? Painting? Chameleons?"

Harry shook his head. "She likes superheroes and powers and stuff. And the cold. Also chocolates."

"Well man," Goatee said, looking up at the parting clouds. "There's your answer."

"What?"

"Superheroes! Cold stuff! Take her to the ice rink or something."

That sounded like something Jack would do, if just to have some excuse to touch her.

"I'm still blank." Harry said, shrugging helplessly.

"Well, you look like a smart man. If you can't do something about cold or super stuff, do something funny. But don't go to a comedy club!" the man warned.

Suddenly, like a lightning bolt hitting the Earth, Harry had the best idea in the world. The man must have seen it on his face, because he smiled.

"See? I knew you could figure it out! The name's Flynn Rider by the way." He said, holding his hand out.

"Thanks, I appreciate it. Harry Haddock." Harry said happily, shaking his hand.

"See you around?" Flynn asked, looking at his watch.

"Yeah, hopefully." Harry replied, too absorbed in his thoughts to notice Flynn's smug smile as he walked away. He looked as if he had just won a bet.

Harry knew exactly what he was going to do. But he would need to make some calls first.

* * *

><p>Why do you think Flynn was smiling smugly? And what do

you think is Harry's idea for the date?

i'd love to know your thoughts! till next chapter!

5. 5 Beautiful, Strong, Sassy

Hello my lovely readers! thank you for all your great reviews, i appreciate all of them! This is really just a filler and a way to see Elsa's insecurities, so sorry if you wanted the date but next chapter! i promise!

* * *

><p>"ELSA!"<p>

A strangled cry left said girl's lips as she curled up and rolled off the foot of the bed within a second, falling to the floor in a disheveled mess with a resounding thump.

Anna's cry of her name suddenly registered and Elsa got up, bolting out the door and down the stairs. She had to protect Anna. No matter the cost to herself.

She froze on the last step, looking at Anna, (who was perfectly fine, maybe even better) holding open the door and . . . oh God.

"Harry!" Anna squealed, jumping up and down excitedly. Elsa breathed a sigh of relief when she realized they hadn't seen her. Luckily, too. Elsa didn't want Harry to see her in her snowflake pajamas. She quickly padded back up the stairs, still listening to their one-sided conversation.

"ELSA! Oh, well she's probably still asleep. ELSA!"

"Anna, it's like 3 three in the afterno-"

"ELSA! You have a visitor!"

"Oh, don't wake her-"

"ELSA! Get your ass down here!"

Elsa bit her lip to stop from smiling. Poor Harry. She couldn't hear any more of the conversation (except Anna screaming her name every once in a while) as she went to get dressed. It would be a lie if she said she didn't try to look good, but still casual of course.

"Oh my god, ELSA! Hurry up!" Elsa could hear Anna climbing the stairs, and she met her half way. Anna quickly grabbed Elsa's arms, almost too tightly.

"ELSA!" she whisper-yelled, her blue eyes huge. "Harry's here already! Hurry up! Wait, what? Isn't he supposed to come at seven like you said? Why's he here?" Anna kept babbling on and on but Elsa glanced at the door.

Suddenly, she was shy. She could feel her face light up in flames and felt like crawling under the covers of her bed. She had never been on a date before. Well, not a real one. And Anna didn't have a very good

history with boys, and she was actually fun. What kind of chance didn't Elsa have? She started breathing fast, taking quick gulps of air and looking desperately at Anna.

"Anna, Anna I don't think I can do this anymore what am I supposed to say what if I do something totally wrong and he hates me forever Anna please help me don't make me go!" Elsa talked quickly, as if the words couldn't get out of her mouth quick enough.

"Elsa, Elsa!" Anna put a comforting hand on her shoulder, bobbing her head to look at her in the eyes. "Hate you?"

Elsa glanced up to see Anna looking at her in disbelief. "Harry could never hate you. Not with how he looks at you."

"'Looks at me'?" Elsa's voice was so quiet and timid Anna had to strain to hear her.

"Yes!" She insisted. How could Elsa not see? "Now go down there and be the beautiful, strong, sassy woman you are!" she nudged Elsa towards the door, where Harry was still waiting.

"Sassy?" Elsa asked, raising an eyebrow. "I am not sassy." Elsa made her way to the door, trying to look confident. (Which she definitely was not.)

As she got closer to the door, her heartbeat sped up dramatically. It was partially open, the afternoon sun flowing in through the crack, as well as his shadow. She took a deep breath, then grabbed the door knob and swung it open before she lost her nerve.

Harry stood there, his back towards her. He had his hands in his pockets and the soft glow of the sun made his auburn hair a sight for sore eyes. When she opened the door, he swung around to look at her, his green eyes widening when he glimpsed what she was wearing.

Okay, maybe not completely casual.

"You uhh. . . I um. . . hello." Harry looked as embarrassed as she felt.

"Hello, Harry." It was as if her voice woke him up from some kind of stupor.

"Good afternoon Elsa, you look stunning as always. I am sorry to come so early, but I have something extravagant planned and we must leave with haste." He was nodding all the way through, but didn't meet her eyes.

Elsa raised an eyebrow. "Weren't you supposed to be here at seven?"

Finally he looked at her in the eyes. He paused a moment, staring and then raised his head. "Too bad if you wanted that. You can come now, or never." He held his hand out towards her, waiting.

Elsa was slightly surprised. She had never heard him talk like that, and it kind of turned her on. He also seemed rather . . . military. He was sexy too, now that she looked. He wore a white singlet, not one of those ugly baggy ones, that showed off his nicely toned arms

and green cargo pants. Elsa glanced around him and saw a big black bike. Her breathe caught. Her parents had never let her go on a bike, no matter how much Anna had insisted upon it.

Located on the bike were two leather jackets, one small, one big, and two helmets, forest green and baby blue.

"Well?" Elsa glanced back at him when Harry spoke, his hand still held out for her and green eyes glinting with mischief.

Elsa grabbed it.

* * *

><p>So, there you have it. Short, i know. Any guesses on what they are going to do? HINT: I got the inspiration from Pearl Harbor, the Michael Bay film**

6. 6 Happy You Wore Jeans

hello lovely readers! Sorry this took a while, but hey, Christmas is busy. I'd like to say thank you for reading this, for this may be the last time I update. If I do add any further chapters, it will be months (maybe years) from where the date in this chapter is set.

Thank you again :)

* * *

><p>Exhilarating.<p>

That was the only word that came to mind when Elsa thought back to the ride here.

From the moment she had wrapped her hands around Harry's waist till the end when she let go of him, it had been amazing. The fact that she shared it with Harry made it even better. She had never felt or done anything like it. The wind rushing through her hair almost felt like she was flying.

Elsa quickly dismounted the bike and was lifting her head to look around when two warm hands covered her eyes.

"Harry? We are we?" Elsa asked, a nervous laugh slipping out.

"Really Elsa? You think I covered your eyes just so I could tell you where we are?" he laughed from behind her, his warm breath tickling her ear.

It was a foreign feeling. Foreign but nice.

"Here come this way." Harry kept one hand over her eyes and used the other to lead her forwards. She wondered if he knew he was rubbing soothing circles on her back, or it was just natural. Reaching out and resting one hand on his chest, Elsa hesitantly walked forward with Harry's guidance.

Elsa instinctively grabbed Harry closer, almost causing them to stumble when a loud rumble came from the left of them.

"Harry?" Elsa said, a small amount of panic in her tone. "What was that?"

There was a strong gush of wind before he answered, taking his hand away from her eyes. "That, is our ride."

Elsa didn't know what to say.

Before them was a black aeroplane. It looked to be old military design and was a two-seater. Elsa glanced around them and they were indeed in an army air force base. There were more planes around them, helicopters too as well as cars and men. A few women could be seen as well.

A man, short but stocky with black hair ran passed them and wolf whistled. "Sweet girl you got there!" He called, waving at Harry.

"Eyes off, Snotlout!" Harry yelled as he ran off. There was a smile on his face, though it seemed a little tight.

"A friend of yours?" Elsa asked, watching as people in uniforms went about doing things. She felt like she didn't belong here.

"Sadly, yes." Harry replied with a grin. He quickly grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the plane in front of them. Up close, it was so much bigger.

"This," Harry said with a dramatic twirl from his hand, "is Toothless!"

Elsa paused.

"Toothless?"

"Yep! I named it after my cat!"

"You have a cat called Toothless?"

"Yep, you'll love him."

Elsa just nodded her head slightly, a faint smile on her lips. Then that smile disappeared.

"You're in the army?" she was frowning.

He smiled bitterly and dug his hands in his pockets. "Not anymore." He lifted the pants on his left leg. Elsa kept her face neutral when it turned out not to be a leg at all. Her mother had told her people didn't like to be pitied.

He patted the edge of the plane . . . Toothless, fondly, a sad smile on his face. "He'll be scraps soon. The model is too old. One of the last of its kind here. This'll be my last flight."

Elsa put her hand on the plane too. It was cool to the touch.
"Why?"

"They can't have a soldier that can't work in the field."

"Oh, sorry."

Harry smiled at her brightly, changing the subject.

"Well, you ready?"

Elsa's eyes widened. "Ready for what?"

"Man, I'm happy you wore jeans!"

"What? Why-argh!" Elsa tried to squirm out of his grasp when lifted her and pushed her up the ladder.

"Harry!" Elsa called down.

"Keep moving or I'll push you in."

Elsa didn't really fancy that, so she quickly climbed upward. There wasn't very far to go, but she paused when she reached her destination. There were so many controls and . . . things.

"Harry, where do I go?"

"Sit in the back seat."

Okay. That was easy. Elsa quickly found it and sat there awkwardly, trying not to touch anything that looked important.

"See those headphones?"

"Yes?"

"Put those on. So we can talk."

"Alright." Elsa was nervous now. She could see Harry in front of her, pushing buttons and turning dials, all sorts of things. He said something to somebody else and Elsa heard them reply.

She wasn't really listening though. The sky was getting darker Elsa noticed, just as the Toothless launched forward.

Elsa swore (something she never does) and flushed when Harry chuckled.

"Hold on tight." Was all Harry said as Toothless launched again.

Suddenly, Elsa's head was thrown back against the seat. There was a loud roaring in her ears and Harry's laugh came through the headphones she was wearing.

Suddenly, the feeling of weightlessness, of being in the air come over her. As they rose higher and higher, Elsa lost her breath more than once. She had wondered why he had picked her up early. Now she didn't.

"Harry . . ." She said, breathless. She didn't know how to explain

it. It was just beautiful. The clouds were all sorts of amazing, wonderful colours. Pinks, oranges, yellows, even reds and purples, it was magnificent.

"Yeah well, I couldn't really make ice sprout out from your fingertips, so I thought 'Hey, why not make her other superpower wish come true?' and I made some calls to my friends in the air force, asking them if I could go up for the last time, and they were like-"

"Harry!" Elsa wished she could see his face. She felt so, so full. So happily full, like she couldn't contain her smile, or her laugh, and she felt like she could explode. Tears came to her eyes and she scolded herself for being emotional.

She was so blindingly happy.

"Elsa?"

It had been a couple minutes of silence. Harry had started to get worried. His concern multiplied when he heard her sniff.

His voice took on a scared note when he spoke again. Had he done something wrong?

"Elsa? Are you okay? I can land-"

"Don't you dare land!"

The bike was great. But this? This was incredible.

End
file.